

This Season's Novelty: : : The Dainty Lace and Pongee Jacket



Shantung Walking-Jacket With Repousse Lace Collar Over Hand

LUCKY Is the Girl Who Has Her Grandmother's Real Laces—Every Summer Maiden Should Have at Least One Coat Fashioned Entirely of Lace—Dainty Little Touches Introduced on Some of the Lace Coats.

THE summer girl of this year of grace, 1904, has declared that transparency is to characterize her wraps and her gowns, as she has already established it in her sheer and filmy summer gowns.

Loose and Full and Flowing.

And the quaint and old-time lines upon which she fashions these same distracting garments! They are as loose and full and flowing. Puffing smoothly over the shoulders, the coat falls from there in full and graceful lines which make not even a pretense of outlining or of defining the dainty svelte figures which they adorn. The tall bellie will have hers coming just to the knee, a length which sets off her gracious height to perfection, while her more petite sister prefers the little garment which comes just below the waistline and indicates the sloping curve of the hip.

But on all of them, no matter what the length may be, the sleeve must be as full and puffy and even baggy as it is possible to accomplish. And this sleeve

may truly be said to be the seal and sign manual of the season's style.

At Least One Coat Entirely of Lace.

Where and when it is at all possible the summer girl will have at least one coat fashioned entirely of lace, and the preference is wisely given to those laces which have a distinct pattern and large independent motif. The Irish crochet is really the first choice among these, and the Arabes laces, the modern Italian filets and all of those patterned on the Renaissance designs show up beautifully. It goes without saying that these are mounted upon chiffon, sometimes tucked, but more often according to plan, and the filmy folds of this fairy fabric appear with an added softness when seen gleaming through the meshes of the lace. Cascades of chiffon billow and puff and float and even baggy as it is, and then the dainty little touches which the same cunning girl introduces

Graceful Lines for Slender Girls.

Again the coat will be built in double design, and this mode is especially graceful upon a slender figure. The lace foundations lend themselves exquisitely to this effect, the upper one frequently taking the form of a bolero, and hanging loosely over the under coat, in which the flounce is simply applied plainly upon the chiffon lining. The sleeves, too, follow suit, the lace being built out over very full ruffles of the chiffon, and the whole thing having an air of grace and lightness which is truly bewitching.

But the lace coats are not going to have it all their own way by any means. The pongees and shantungs and burlingams—these latter very like a silk bur-lap, so coarse and open is the weave—and all the "natural" color silks, as well as their cousins who have visited the dye vat, are making a strong bid for



Pongee Silk and Repousse Evening

Carriage Coat of Pongee and Lace

THE Pongees, Shantungs and All the "Natural" Color Silks Are Vieing with the Laces as Summer Coat and Jacket Materials—Dainty Models in Champagne and Other Shades—Capuchin Hood Is a Novel Feature.

cape over the shoulders, borders both sides of the front, and surrounds the jacket all around the bottom, long, irregular sprays of the lace running upward in a trailing vine motif at inter-vals.

The Empire and Josephine Styles.

The neck is cut out in V-shape, and the cape takes on a fishy outline. The sleeve is full and loose and puffy, shirred to the armhole, and plaited into a flaring, upstanding cuff, appliqued with lace, and a ruffle of sheer Oriental web falls daintily over the hand. The combination of the rich green silk and the delicate tint of the lace gives an impression of sumptuousness and elegance.

And the girl who desires to look like one of those famous old portraits that are so much admired, she it is who selects the Empire and the Josephine styles. The latter is produced by further shirring over heavy cords, to which is attached a pointed collar of lace. The Empire effect is produced by further shirring, which point upward in the center of the back and encircle the body, meeting in the front just below the bust, where a sash is knotted with the most coquettish effect.

the wraps. With the hood the coat takes on an added attraction as an evening wrap, for this relic and remembrance of a monastic order can be pulled over the coiffure with a most bewitching effect and serve as a wonderfully becoming frame for a pretty face—a use to which the original designers doubtless never dreamed that it would be put.

And then there is the coat that is trimmed, so to speak, in lace. For this the rich regence silks are particularly appropriate, the beautiful sheen of the silk blending well with the richness and elaboration of the lace. On an exquisite imported coat in the fashionable shade of empire green there is a delightful use of the modern Italian renaissance lace, done in silk braids and stitches. The lace is in the new Paris tint, somewhat on the unbleached order, and fashions a deep

is especially full, and is shirred to the armhole without the usual cap effect. The much pointed yoke is defined with corded bouillonnes of the shantung, and around the neck is a shirred capuchin hood which hangs in the most fascinating fashion over the shoulders in the back, the bouillonnes being applied here with delightful result. On the sleeve these puffs reappear, the finish being an extremely bouffant double ruffle of repousse lace in the champagne tint.

A Little Cravat of Black Velvet.

A charmingly piquant touch is afforded in the little cravat of many black velvet ribbons which drop from beneath the yoke, these likewise catching up the fulness of the lace on the inside of the cuff. This capuchin hood is a novel feature of fashion which will much commend itself to the summer belle, and doubtless she will use it on many if not all of her frilly and fluffy and frivolous lit-

tle share of the summer favor, and not in vain, either.

Shirring, Puffing and Smart Cording.

Shirrings and puffs and cordings of every description find a glorious ending in these, and add much to the appearance of airy and frivolous elaboration which is not by any means the least of their charms in the summer girl's eyes. And the way in which she uses lace, and real lace at that, upon those inconspicuous little wraps is just a delight. Not but what they can be made to look both smart and stylish without the lace; or, at least, with but a modicum of it at the wrists.

Witness a very dainty little model in the champagne shade of shantung which is of the correct cut, this showing a yoke with a very marked dip in the front, beneath which the full circular skirts or body of the coat is shirred; and three tucks above the hem lend a stability to the little coat. The sleeve

is especially full, and is shirred to the armhole without the usual cap effect.

The Passing of a Bully.

An Eat-'Em-Alive Hero Who Returned Very Meekly to the Scene of His Waterloo.

IT was 3 o'clock in the morning and the Scotch mist was thick along Broadway. There was a chill in the air that suggested "Oh, what so raw as a day in June!" The lights of a well-known all-night restaurant were reflected on the wet pavements in a most alluring fashion. Inside there were scattered a dozen or twenty newspaper men and other night workers seeking refreshment for jaded minds and bodies. The warmth and glow were seductive and conversation was quiet and genial.

Suddenly a harsh, boisterous, discordant note was struck. From a table in the middle of the room a big, burly man with blazing eyes and fierce moustache was heard exclaiming in a loud, deep voice and a blatant, offensive manner:

"I'll go home when I am good and ready! See?"

Something inaudible to anybody else was said to him by the suave head waiter, and then—

"Put me out of here!" bellowed the big man. "Why, I could break you and all your waiters across my knees and throw you all out of the window."

"Yes, that's my hat. Let it alone! Or I'll smash you, you blankety-blank-blank!" and so on, in a torrent of foul and blasphemous language.

Silently the little army of waiters scattered about the room, developing a strategy worthy of the Japs before Port Arthur, had first drawn near and then lined up from the table to the door. In

a twinkling the head waiter seized the ruffian by the back of the neck, jerked him to his feet and threw him to the next man. From the second man he was passed to another and another water down the room like a ball in play, hurled through the glass doors and deposited in a heap on the sidewalk in less time than it takes to tell.

The waiters took their stations, con- sideration was resumed, peace reigned again and the incident was as if it never had happened.

Five minutes later the glass doors were pushed gently apart and there again stood the bully. But how changed! Crestfallen and shaking he stepped nervously into the room, his hat held humbly before him, his voice trembling and scarcely to be heard.

"Say," he said to the nearest waiter, "did I have an umbrella when I was here a little while ago?"

ON PLEASURE BENT.
"Are you ready dear?" asked the husband as they were about to start for the theatre.

"Let me see," said the wife, picking up her white gloves. "Oh, yes, I knew there was something. Just wait a minute until I run upstairs and swap Willie for something he did at the table to-day."—Yonkers Statesman.

DIVORCE AHEAD.
"So she has started on a life journey into matrimony, has she?"

"Well, I guess it is only an excursion trip."—Brooklyn Life.

Prison Bars Or a Woman's Sacrifice

By FREDERICK A. BROWN

-----A Story of Crime and Adventure in New York, Adapted by the Author from His Successful Play of the Same Title.-----

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
House party is assembled at Arthur Mason's Long Island country home. George Howard, an old friend of Mason, comes to the house and recognizes Alice, Arthur's young wife, as the woman he had long ago decided to marry. He has been seeking in order to make reparation.

Howard hires a man named Gypsy Dan to shoot Alice. The Gypsy makes a mistake and shoots Kitty Stanley, Alice's young protegee. Thinking his employer has betrayed him, Dan kills Howard. Alice, thinking her husband is the murderer, declares that she has committed the crime.

Tommy Wilson and Jack Williams, two colleagues go to a deserted house for the purpose of shooting Kitty, who is imprisoned there by Gypsy Dan and his gang.

Mrs. Mason is sentenced to life imprisonment for Howard's murder. Tommy and Jack are arrested, by mistake, after an unsuccessful police raid on the deserted house.

CHAPTER IX.
A New Suspect.

TOMMY, hearing himself and Jack thus denounced by the officers of the law, chuckled to his chum: "We are rapidly acquiring a reputation."

The Judge repeated in growing amazement:

"You say they are crooks? I don't understand. How came you boys to be manacled?"

"Ask the detectives. We didn't put these things on for our own amusement."

"Sergeant Walsh," went on the Judge, "this is a serious matter. These young men are my friends."

"Indeed," said the Sergeant incredulously. "May I ask how long you have known them?"

"Since their childhood." The calm assurance of the Judge's reply staggered the two detectives.

"And you will vouch for them?" chimed in Cable.

"Absolutely. This is Mr. Jack Williams, and this is Mr. Thomas Wilson. They are two seniors of Columbia University."

"Well, how about your identification?" asked Walsh, turning to Cable. The other detective replied doggedly:

"I am prepared to swear that I handcuffed that red-headed chap in the raid in Barrow street last night. He was in the thick of it with Gypsy Dan, Dick Little and all the rest of the gang. It was Dan's blow that laid me out and enabled this fellow to escape when the lights were extinguished."

"Well, Judge," said Walsh, "what have you to say to that?"

To their surprise the Judge broke out in a hearty laugh.

"I begin to see through it all, my young friends here conceived the idea of passing themselves off as criminals and joining the gang at the Barrow Street house in order to find the girl, Kitty Stanley, and no doubt you were right about seeing them there last night. Tommy, what character did you

personate when you introduced yourself to that crowd last evening?"

"The Roman Kid, Judge."

"You did it all right," granted Cable in unwilling admiration, as Walsh proceeded to remove the handcuffs from their chagrined recovering from the arrest of the two detectives.

"I think we can promise you," interposed Jack, "that it will not get out. We are no more anxious to talk of it than you are. We bear no grudge. Let us call the incident closed."

"Thanks," said Walsh, "and I would suggest to you young fellows that the next time you make a move of this sort you take the police into your confidence and save yourselves trouble."

"I suppose, Judge," said Tommy, as the two detectives went out, "that we can see Mrs. Mason to-day? And what about Arthur Mason. Have you received any word from him?"

"Yes," answered Graham, "he will be here to-day."

"Have you told him of the steps you have taken since that night at Westbury, and he was so sick, he has been dangerously ill with brain fever—delirious most of the time and always calling for his wife, unable to understand why she did not answer his call."

"Ah, Judge, how do you do? He asked me to turn and shake hands with Tommy and Jack, saying: 'I am glad to see you all.'"

"The Judge raised his hand for silence as Arthur Mason's footsteps sounded in the corridor without. Mason entered, his silex in his hand, and the first sight of his changed and haggard face.

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In order the better to gaze into his haggard and wan face. "You have been ill."

"Yes, very ill."

"I ought to be sorry you left the house when you were still so weak; but I wanted to know from your own lips that you do not wholly condemn me for the past. I should have told you all, but I lacked the courage. Had I done so our present misery might have been averted."

"You were justified in doing what you did," declared her husband vehemently. "George Howard deserved his fate. If I had not been so dumb-founded by the tragedy I would have declared myself guilty to save you."

"I saw your purpose, and, thank God, I thwarted it, for I am really the guilty one, and it is but right that I should be the sufferer."

"No, it is not right. He was the criminal. He should have been the only sufferer. It will always be the regret of my life that it was not my hand that avenged your wrongs."

To his surprise, his wife sprang back, staring at him aghast.

"Not your hand?" she gasped. "Am I dreaming, or is this madness? Don't raise any false hopes! Tell me truly, as you value your soul, was it not killed George Howard?"

"Alas, your sufferings have driven you mad."

"I am not mad," she answered. "I told you from your own lips that you did not wholly condemn me for the past. I should have told you all, but I lacked the courage. Had I done so our present misery might have been averted."

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